

THE STORY TELLER

EPISODE IN A TUNNEL

Maiden seated in the train.
Pocket full of money;
Down beside her sits a man—
Maiden thinks it funny.

Quickly speeds the train along,
In a tunnel enters:
Maiden's thought most anxiously
On her pocket centers.

Quietly her little hand,
Toward the money stealing,
Finds a hand already there,
Robbery revealing.

Fiercely clutches she the hand,
On hysterics verging,
Waiting till the train shall be
From the dark emerging.

Into sunlight now at last
Train shoots like a rocket;
Maiden finds she has her hand
In the stranger's pocket.
—Modern Society.

A ROSE OF NORMANDY

WILLIAM R. A. WILSON

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

A life that she had been playing away on a neighboring couch. Her hands, clasped above her head, grasped firmly the carved woodwork of the chair, while her feet were hidden among the silken pillows strewn about the floor. Her whole attitude was that of delicious, dreamy restfulness. Her eyes wandered listlessly over the trim lawns and the broad terraces by flights of steps, over the statues and vases, glimpses of which could be caught here and there amid the varying greens of the shrubbery. Gazing at the jets of water rising out of marble basins, the precisely arranged flowers and orange trees lining the walks, she was but faintly conscious of their beauties, for her eyes followed her thoughts on past the park to the river-edge where the water-lilies grew in wild profusion under the shadows of the tree-enshrined bays. Here they rested for a moment, then on and up to the horizon, beyond which lay the great city with its noisy teeming life, less than three leagues away from this retired spot where all was quietude, order and repose.

At length that strange consciousness that some one was looking at her exerted its influence over her thoughts, and she involuntarily withdrew her gaze from the window. She turned her head and beheld mademoiselle standing in the doorway, watching her with a strange expression of mingled respect and affection; respect, because, as she had been in the atmosphere of the court reeking with that moral miasma that pervaded everything, she could especially appreciate the beauties of a feminine nature fair and unpolished; affection, because in the young companion she saw bits of her own self when at her age: a certain proud consciousness of birth, a playful humor at times deliciously feminine, yet a nature capable of responding to the sterner duties of life. Then, too, with all her greatness and wealth, mademoiselle's life had been essentially a loveless, artificial existence; hence in the companionship of this warm, affectionate young nature, the ever-living divine maternal element within her was satisfied by having something to love.

"Ah! ma mignonne," she exclaimed, as soon as their eyes met, "dreaming again! Happy indeed ought he to be who occupies your thoughts; and, going across the room, she kissed the girl affectionately on the brow as she arose from her seat.

Renee blushed furiously at these words. Mademoiselle noticed her confusion with a start of pain, for in her selfishness she fondly imagined she could always keep her young friend with her.

"Why should the object of my thoughts be masculine?" Renee asked with a mischievous light in her eye. "Why could not those beautiful objects from the window, the trees and flowers and all, have held my fancy?"

"Why deceive?" cried mademoiselle, her anxiety and fears melting away beneath her companion's words, "young girls do not lie dreaming at sight of woodland and river; only one object of thought could bring the light I saw in your eyes when I entered, and that object is—a man; and with these words she removed her head-gear, which Renee took and put away.

"Come, tell me, ma chérie, what was in your thoughts. It will rest me after my ride. Then, perhaps, I can tell you news from town that will interest you. Let me see, have you gone thus far; it was a man. Now, who could it be, for you have met but few? Could it be the Comte de Miron, that young scapegrace?"

Renee had seated herself upon a footstool and leaned her head upon her protectress' lap, whose fingers passed and reassured with a tender touch through the masses of her hair. At these words a look of disgust came over her features as she raised her head to speak.

"The Comte de Miron!" she exclaimed. "I detest that man with his smooth manners and eternal scowl. I do not believe that any one who is always scowling can be trusted. Besides, I am firmly convinced that he is base and rude and cowardly. No, no, ma chérie Louise, my mind would have to change sadly ere I would sully it by thinking of him."

Mademoiselle looked displeased at the first words of her companion, for the Comte de Miron was a favorite

of hers because of his dashing insouciant manner and ready tongue and wit. But at the sound of her Christian name on Renee's lips (the only person she allowed to use it) her face lighted up again.

"You are right, Little Wise-Head," she replied, caressing her. "He is no fit subject for your thoughts, although I cannot go so far as you and say that he is base and rude and cowardly."

"That he is base," replied Renee, "I learned from your own lips when you told me of his duel with the Comte de Noise, whose sword broke and who, disarmed and defenseless, was run through the heart by the Comte de Miron. That he is rude and cowardly I myself learned when in the city yesterday."

"How now, ma petite," cried mademoiselle in alarm, "I was with you nearly all the time myself while we were in town yesterday. Cannot I send you from Luxembourg to Madame de Pione's in my own chair without your meeting with mishap?"

Renee then related her adventure of the day before in full detail, forgetting, however, the incident of the kissed hand and lost handkerchief. When she had finished she looked at her friend triumphantly and awaited her answer. Mademoiselle was thoughtful for a moment, then replied:

"That he was a gay and delightful sort of sinner I well knew, but that he could be ungallant or deal a cowardly blow I did not believe. However, I do not know but on the whole I am glad it happened. I have reproached myself much of late for my selfishness in having him about when you were near. He is wildly in love with you, and I feared lest—"

"Lest I should learn to love him simply because he was a man, and witty and clever?"—and the room was filled with rippling laughter as the girl gave way to the merriment her friend's speech had caused.

"No," she went on, suddenly becoming serious, "the man I shall love, if such there be, must be brave; no descendant of Eleanor, wife of Henry Plantagenet, could ever love a coward. That he be of gentle birth I care not, although he must be a true knight and gallant. He must also fear God and hate the devil, although I would have him no monk. He must love me as no other person or thing on earth, and must woo me, not with soft words and sighs, but by deeds, with a reckless earnestness that shames to hide its love from any one, and which will seek every honorable means to gain its end. And last and best of all, he must be true; true to what he deems right; true to his God, his king, his friends—and to me." She sighed as she stopped a moment. "And so I shall wait until he comes; and going over to the couch, she picked up her lute and sang to a plaintive melody:

Reserve your strength for mine own hero's praise,
Cease, lips of mine, less worthy names repeating;
Peace, troubled soul, through all the coming days,
Until he comes, until he comes.

While she sang, mademoiselle looked at her with a misty eye, for this sight into a nature which in depth and tenderness was so foreign to her own roused a strange longing and faintness within herself. She shook off this feeling as Renee's voice dwelt lingeringly on the last words of her song, and laughingly said:

"Mon Dieu! Such dreams are beautiful, but if those are your standards, I have no fear of losing you, for believe me, ma chérie, there is no such man in France. But where, you say, you saw sweet song?"

Renee again blushed. "I wrote it this morning after you left for Paris. I was lonely. It is nothing."

"Tell me, more; of this strange knight," resumed mademoiselle, who so opportunely arrived to rescue beauty in distress. Was he tall, dark, light, or fair? What special mark distinguished the features of your handsome knight?"

"How he looked I cannot describe to you," was the reply, "save that he was manly, of soldierly bearing, of high spirit, and his manner toward me was full of all gentleness."

Mademoiselle eyed her narrowly, for Renee spoke. The earnestness or some other quality of the tones of her voice convinced her.

"I have it, ma petite. I have discovered your secret; it was of him you dreamed when I entered," she cried, clapping her hands and laughing heartily.

Renee's blushes only added to her merriment. "True, it was of him I thought," she replied with some spirit, "but my thoughts were rather of anxiety than those you imagine. I feared lest, in the duel which will be fought, one more victim should be added to the list of the Comte de Miron's treacheries."

While speaking thus, the sound of an approaching horse was heard galloping along the avenue from the main road. A few moments later it stopped at the front of the house and presently a servant appeared. "A messenger from the Sieur de la Salle," he said.

"Admit him here," replied mademoiselle. "As for you, Renee, you may remain."

Renee withdrew toward the window and mademoiselle settled herself to receive the man, when the door was opened and Tont's footman entered. Bowing low with an easy grace, he said:

"The Sieur de la Salle sends by me his highest respect and salutation, together with this note," and he handed the missive to mademoiselle, who stepped back a pace while she read it.

Renee was deeply buried behind a large book beside the window, she dared not look up, but at the first sound of his voice she was fain to stand still and she waited while he danced in a burning page before her eyes. She recognized the handwriting

Tont's gaze wandered about the luxurious furnishings of the apartment. Suddenly he started as his eyes fell in ready recognition upon Renee, and his hat fell from his grasp, while the muttered exclamation "My Rose of Normandy!" escaped him.

Mademoiselle, whose attention had been fixed upon her note, finished reading at this juncture and looked up.

"Tell the Sieur de la Salle I shall be most happy to grant his request, and



THE CRAFTY FACE OF COMTE DE MIRON.

that he may come to-morrow. When does he sail for those northern shores and cruel savages the Jesuit fathers write so much about?"

"Some two weeks hence; from La Rochelle; by the ship 'Saint Honoré,'" was the reply, made precise and without polite embellishment by the agitated state of Tont's mind.

"And you, Capt. de Tont, I understand from the Prince de Conti that you accompany the Sieur de la Salle, as lieutenant or partner in his enterprise. I wish you both success, because there is not so intrepid an explorer to be found as the Sieur de la Salle, and because you, as a gallant and worthy soldier, deserve it. Kindly carry my message to your friend, and accept my thanks in advance for doing it," and thus speaking in her stately manner, mademoiselle extended her hand, and Tont, bending low to kiss it, bowed deferentially and was gone.

Hardly had the door closed and mademoiselle had scarcely time to lay aside her dignity when Renee sprang up, and, tossing her book high in air, came dancing across the floor, and, stopping before her astonished companion, gave one final pirouette and flung herself into her arms, crying:

"Tis he! 'Tis he!"

"He? Whom?" asked mademoiselle, puzzled at her words.

"The man of yesterday; the one you termed a stranger knight but a few moments ago."

"Ah!" exclaimed mademoiselle, smiling, "Henri de Tont. The wind blows from that quarter, does it?"

A flushed face met hers in earnest repudiation of all that her tones indicated.

"How foolish, ma chérie Louise! Cannot I but feel grateful for his manly assistance without loving him?" Then with a hard effort to appear indifferent she continued:

"Would he be grateful in me not to feel anxious for him in his coming meeting with the Comte de Miron, knowing the Comte as I do? Did you not praise him yourself as a gallant soldier? And would he allow such to fall beneath a treacherous blow?"

"True," replied mademoiselle musingly, "he is a protégé of the Prince de Conti, and has rendered marvellous services to the king in his Sicilian campaign, all of which Louis has forgotten and now allows him to go to die in the wilderness." She then related the story of Tont's iron hand and other of his gallant deeds she had heard.

Renee listened eagerly, her eyes sparkling and her breath coming and going in short, quick gasps. Mademoiselle noticed this and stopped.

"Must tell you no more, mon Dieu! I shall tell you all about the flames this handsome Italian soldier has already kindled. Come, mon bijou, do not break your heart over him. He is about to sail, as you heard him say, with my friend, the Sieur de la Salle, the greatest explorer, to New France, to be lost in some savage wild, or settle down, marry some Indian woman (they call them squaws, I believe), and disappear from our sight. However, to please you and for once do a good act, I am at your service to carry out some plan you may suggest to save our soldier knight, and to make it the more completely your own act that you give him I shall place my most trusted servant and all that I possess at your service. Now I must see about the quarters for the new English horse that arrives to-morrow. Adieu, ma petite, and kissing her in a half-motherly, half-sisterly fashion, she left the room.

Renee, left alone, heaved herself beside the open window, and burying her head in her arms she strove to think of some plan to save the man who but so few moments before stood in the same room with her. The relaxation from her previous excitement was soothing, and the warm afternoon breeze caused a drowsy feeling to creep over her. Gradually her mind ceased to wander, and with her song gently singing itself over, and over in her ears, only with the words, "As I have come," unconsciously taking the place of the original phrase, she fell asleep.

A cautious step sounded upon the gravel walk outside. A shadow fell upon the sleeping girl who stirred uneasily as though she felt even in her unconscious state the approach of some one. She opened her eyes and saw the Comte de Miron standing before her.

apartment, and lighted up with a sinister smile as he recognized the sleeper and saw that she was alone, while with a deft motion of the hand he speedily cut off a lock of her hair and disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEVOTED TO NATURAL HISTORY, EXHIBITING THE LIFE OF COURT BUTTERFLY, A GLIMPSE AT THE KING BUTTERFLY, AND HOW A SPIDER SPINS HIS WEB.

It was already past one o'clock when La Salle and Tont approached the Louvre. On the grand staircase they were passed by several personages who hurried on without noticing them. Others followed behind more slowly. A steady stream of humanity flowed up the broad stairs and on into the Grand Salle; gay, laughing faces the most of them, with here and there the grave looks of a priest. Gallants aplenty in rich attire; soldiers fresh from the field with bold glances for the women, and a haughty stare and a hand touching the sword-hilt for the men about them; here and there an officer of the king's guards; ladies of the court with hair dressed a la hurburliu, cheeks marked by the rouge-pot and the patch, and gowns of rarest beauty and extravagant cost. Here too came Racine, the tragic muse of his age; Boileau, the Horace of France; La Fontaine, the trifier in words; and Madame de Sevigne, whose virtue and literary talent were destined to immortalize her name when those of the many beautiful women of this infamous court who far outshone her in witchery, wit, and wickedness would be preserved only in the mildewed pages of some long-forgotten chronicle of the day.

It was through such a crowd that La Salle and Tont made their way and mingled with the throng that filled the Grand Salle. His majesty dined alone in his own apartment at one end, and it was to behold him and bask in the royal presence and perchance gain the royal ear or the kindly smile (depending on the sex of the person), when he appeared for a time in public before he retired to his cabinet to take up affairs of state with his minister, that this gay company had assembled. La Salle bowed right and left, for his own star was in the ascendant and he had many friends. Tont, too, recognized a few of his acquaintances in the crowd, to whom he nodded or spoke a few words.

(To Be Continued.)

His Available Estate.

"When I come into my landed estate, I'll bet nobody will put me out," said a Broadway philosopher after listening to a tale of woe by a friend who had recently lost his place in the country through the foreclosure of a mortgage.

"Why I didn't know you owned any real estate."

"I don't now, but I am very positive of having some later on. It will be a very snug retreat, too—absolutely private, although in a populous neighborhood. There will be several other advantages, too. It will be free from taxes and I'll be exempt from jury duty."

"Isn't that fine! I congratulate you. Wish I could inherit something like that. Where is your place?"

"The grave."

The other man said nothing further about the injustice of foreclosing mortgages.—N. Y. Herald.

No Time for Fools.

When Geo. Westinghouse, as a young inventor, was trying to interest capitalists in his automatic brake, the device which now plays so important a part in the operation of railroad trains, he wrote a letter to Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, president of the New York Central Railroad company, carefully explaining the details of the invention. Very promptly his letter came back to him, indorsed in big, scrawling letters, in the hand of Commodore Vanderbilt, "I have no time to waste on fools." Afterwards, when the Pennsylvania railroad had taken up the automatic brake and it was proving very successful, Commodore Vanderbilt sent young Mr. Westinghouse a request to call on him. The inventor returned the letter, indorsed on the bottom as follows: "I have no time to waste on fools."—Success.

Assessing Herself.

The girl went to her mother. "Mamma," she said, "Charlie Jones has asked me to marry him." "What!" began the mother, "you marry that soft-headed, ugly looking little snip? He hasn't a thimbleful of brains in his head. He couldn't support you." "Father seems to think I'd be a fool to marry him," said the girl. "Oh, he does, does he?" came from her mother. "Well, we'll show that old man a thing or two. Accept Charlie to-night and set the wedding for next week. I'll let your father know I'm running this family!"—Kansas City Times.

Delights of Equality.

"Almost every man is a loser by being elevated above the sphere to which he is habituated," said the late Senator Morrill in discussing the subject of equality. "The word equal is used very freely in America, but its real meaning is little understood. As a condition of cold fact, an equal is that which a man of talent will seldom find among his superiors." "When the Duke of Orleans proposed to make Fontenelle perpetual president of the Academy of Sciences it replied was: 'Take not from me, my lord, the delight of living with my equals.'"—N. Y. Herald.

No Evidence of It.

Emergence—I wonder if Clara knows what a fat life Jack leads. Overhead—She doesn't believe it of him. The says she has never known a young man that was so slow in coming to the point.—Chicago Tribune.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PARKER'S HEADACHE POWDERS. QUICKLY CURE HEADACHE, NEURALGIA AND FEVERS. Price 10c. Thousands use and endorse them. CONTAIN NO NARCOTICS. Sold for twenty years.

Have an Advantage. The Russian students seem to have the advantage of the American students. All things considered, a revolution is substantially as distracting and brutal as football, and there isn't so strong a taint of professionalism about it.—Life.

Cures Cancer, Blood Poison and Scrofula.

If you have blood poison producing eruptions, pimples, ulcers, swollen glands, bumps and risings, burning, itching skin, copper-colored spots or rash on the skin, mucous patches in mouth or throat, falling hair, bone pains, old rheumatism or foul catarrh, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). It kills the poison in the blood; soon all sores, eruptions heal, hard swellings subside, aches and pains stop and a perfect cure is made of the worst cases of Blood Poison.

For Cancers, tumors, swellings, eating cancers, ulcers, persistent pimples of all kinds, take B. B. B. It destroys the cancer poison in the blood, heals cancer of all kinds, cures the worst humors or suppurating swellings. Thousands cured by B. B. B. after all else fails. B. B. B. composed of pure botanic ingredients. Improves the digestion, makes the blood pure and rich, stops the awful itching and all sharp, shooting pains. Thoroughly tested for thirty years. Druggists, \$1 per bottle, with complete directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice also sent in sealed letter.

It is sometimes difficult to convince a young man that all the world loves a lover after he has met the dear girl's father.—Chicago Daily News.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

AN ARTIST IN HIS LINE.

Merchant of the Pave Displays Genius Worthy of a Higher Calling.

A man with shrewd gray eyes walked along the busy downtown street, carefully observing everything. Suddenly he paused, then rushed toward a rain-pipe attached to a building and rammed his cane into it. The familiar squealing of a rat pierced the air, relates Youth's Companion.

All daughters of Eve within hearing lifted their skirts and fled the place. Men and boys began to crowd around. People came from across the street. Carriage and cabs halted.

"Say, mister, that stick isn't long enough!" shouted a newsboy.

"Somebody go and get a terrier," suggested another.

Evidently the owner of the shrewd gray eyes did not desire advice, but intended to deal with that rat according to his own fancy. He paid not the slightest attention to the remarks, but continued vigorously to ply his cane.

"Let him come out and then set the dogs on!"

"Put your hand in and grab him by the tail!"

"Say, why don't you use the big end of that cane?"

"Blow smoke up the pipe!"

At last the star performer glanced over his shoulder—the crowd was packed and jammed behind him, and two policemen on the outskirts were struggling to make an opening—the "psychological moment" was come.

The man removed something from between his teeth, and extended it toward the crowd.

"Here you are, gentlemen!" he cried. "The cleverest invention yet made—Wilkinson's weird and wonderful patent whistle. Imitates everything from a rat to a rhinoceros! Embrace your opportunity, entertain your friends, make the children happy! Only a few left, and these going like wildfire, at ten cents apiece!"

When a woman wants to love a man she finds no difficulty in believing he has an attractive personality.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

INCIPENT CONSUMPTION.

How Food Headed Off the Insidious Disease.

The happy wife of a good old-fashioned Mich. farmer says:

"In the spring of 1902 I was taken sick—a general breaking down, as it were. I was excessively nervous, could not sleep well at night, my food seemed to do me no good, and I was so weak I could scarcely walk across the room.

"The doctor said my condition was due to overwork and close confinement and that he very much feared that consumption would set in. For several months I took one kind of medicine after another, but with no good effect—in fact, I seemed to grow worse.

THE SON OF HIS FATHER.

Irate Pedagogue Cleverly Reproved by His Sagacious Offspring.

"A professor of mathematics in a leading New England college had been much annoyed by the students coming to class without their textbooks. Various reasons were given. One man said that some one had borrowed his book, relates Judge.

"That's no excuse," said the irate professor. "Hereafter your work and your books are to be here. Any man who fails to bring them will be marked zero. No excuse of any kind will be taken."

The professor's son was a member of this class, and was the first one to be called up at the next recitation.

"I am, problem 14 at the board," called the professor.

"Pardon me, professor," said his son; "but I haven't my book."

"Haven't your book?" roared the professor. He was doubly angry because his own son was the first offender.

"Didn't you hear what I said yesterday?"

"Yes, professor; but my father borrowed my book last night, and he didn't bring it back."

Quite Different.

"Pa, what's the difference between a profession and a trade?"

"The man who works at a trade quits when his eight hours are up. The man who follows a profession has to keep on until his work is done."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A New Being.

Shepard, Ill., Jan 8th (Special).—Mrs. Sarah E. Rowe, who is residing here, says she feels like "A New Being." Although she is in her fifty-seventh year. Why? Because she has taken Dodd's Kidney Pills, that well known medicine that has put new life into old bodies, and has come as a God-send into homes of sorrow and suffering. She says:

"No one knows what awful torture I suffered with Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble, until I got cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. This grand remedy drove the Rheumatism out of my body, nothing else ever did me any good. Dodd's Kidney Pills are worth one hundred times their price, for they have made me, though I am fifty-seven years old, a new being. I am in better shape now than I have been for many years, and I owe it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Breast for Medals.

"How dreadfully stout the general is getting." "Yes, isn't it fortunate? Otherwise he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals."—The Tatler.

N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, the "Keeping-Your-Lasting-At-It" advertising agents, have sent out their calendar for 1903 which as usual is a very handsome and useful office accessory. The edition is limited. While they last copies may be had by sending 25 cents to the firm named above.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 10 to 14 days. 50c

Cheerfulness is a virtue hard to practice when you persist in indulgence in late suppers and manufactured "happiness."—Chicago Tribune.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

It is a bad idea to put friendship and love to the test. It is better to believe that they really exist.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A girl may weigh 200 pounds, and still think of herself as a ray of sunshine in some fellow's life.—N. Y. Times.



Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound

is a positive cure for all those painful ailments of women. It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life. It will surely cure.

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Female Weakness than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors in an early stage of development. That

Bearing-down Feeling.

causing pain, weight and headache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the female system. It corrects

Irregularity.

Suppressed or Painful Periods, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also

Dizziness, Fatigue.

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" feeling, "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the organs. For

Kidney Complaints.

and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound is unequalled.

You can write Mrs. Pinkham about yourself in strictest confidence. ANNA E. PINKHAM, MED. CO., LOWELL, MASS.